

A
NEW CITY BALLAD,

Addressed to the LIVERY of LONDON:

By Sir ANDREW FREEPORT's Eldest Son.

Now or Never.

Y^E Livery of LONDON, attend to my Ditty;
Exert all your Power in support of your City:
This, this is the Time to arise from your Sleep,
And shew old Mother P—L—M you're no scabby Sheep.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Let C***** the Jew make what Offers he will,
Remember th' Apostates sole Hand for the Bill;
He voted his God *to be no God at all*,
Then no more let him Vote in St Stephen's Hall.

Derry down, &c.

As for L*****, that mighty Distiller of Gin,
'Tis very well known what a Pause he was in;
No City-Lands Business he'd do without Fee;
Sure such a Man ne'er will withstand Bribery.

Derry down, &c.

There's BARNARD, you've found him quite true to your Cause,
A steady Defender of all City Laws;
His Religion more *open* confirms him your Friend,
Than Mitred Lawn Sleeves who to Jew Bills did bend.

Derry down, &c.

And BETHELL you've ever prov'd honest and just,
He always stood firm to his Word and his Trust;
Your Laws he'll protect, and promote your free Trade,
And neither be *Placeman* nor *Pensioner* made.

Derry down, &c.

In choosing of GLYN, who for Probity's known,
Let the old Independence of LONDON be shewn;
He'll never a Tool to bad Ministers be,
But for Country and City will always Vote free.

Derry down, &c.

The Senator BECKFORD demands your Attention,
Who despises a Bribe and laughs at a Pension;
His Country's Liberty he ne'er will Barter
For a Title, tho' join'd with a Star and a Garter.

Derry down, &c.

Don't forget *your Petition* by Placemen despis'd,
(Their Passions and Principles no way disguis'd)
But as Crumbs for their Dogs cast it *under the Table*,
Let's fit 'em for't now my brave Souls—we are able.

Derry down, &c.